

December 3, 2009

An Angel in Tempe – Nile

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Posted by **niledavis** in *Nile Davis*

I went out last night with a friend for dinner and ended up having a few drinks which then of course lead to going to the bar after dinner. It was a pretty mellow night drinking wise but towards the end of the night I ended up talking to this dude sitting next to me and his brother. My friend had left and I had decided to stay a little longer because it was still pretty early.

They told me stories of growing up in Mexico and traveling the world and I shared stories with them about my travels and life as well. As the conversation went on, me and my new friend Jose started talking about life, religion and what makes people human beings. What struck me the most about this conversation is that these two guys, Jose especially was quite a character. He seemed very, very smart. He spoke Spanish, English, Italian and was very well versed in all kinds of topics, including faith, religion, politics, environmental concerns and life in general. When I asked him what he did for a living he told me he works at the Home Depot. This took me aback for a moment and really made me think about my life and how I have been living it.

Here is this guy, my age, obviously much smarter than I am, has probably seen more of the world than I ever will, wearing a black trench coat and a beanie, had some very, very enlightening points to make about life and all things in it, working at the Home Depot. The thing that struck me the most was how happy this guy was. He had a goddamn grin on his face all night and just really seemed to be a genuinely happy person. And here I sit, alone, broke, withering away in Tempe, miserable with my life when there is really nothing to be miserable about. I have been given every opportunity in life and I have basically pissed it away. I have allowed opportunity after opportunity to pass me by and have done little more than bitch about it. But I digress, back to my original point.

There were two thing that this guy said in the course of our conversation that really knocked the wind right out of me.

1) The thing that makes human beings “human” is we have the ability to change our environment.

This was, to me, a profound statement and it really got me thinking about my life. It made me realize that I DO have the power to change. I DO have the ability to change my surroundings and environment yet I have not done so in a really long time. I keep waiting for it to change for me. I realized that if there is going to be any change in not only my life, but in all of our lives, it is going to have to come from each of us individually.

2) Conviction comes from within.

This one hit me like a ton of bricks. I know that I have heard people say things similar to this in the past, but in the context of our conversation it really hit home. It's ME that will decide who and what kind of person I am, not my upbringing or environment or job. It's ME that

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has to make the right decisions and do the right thing when the time comes. Conviction comes from within, that's a big one.

Hearing these things said to me from a complete stranger who has no connection to me or anyone I know, was shocking to say the least. Now, I don't know if this was the universes way of getting through to me, or if it was just a coincidence, or maybe I am just open to listening to those types of things right now. Either way, it got through. I feel as though I cannot fully explain the depth and details of our whole conversation in this one post and that saddens me, but hopefully I will have more to share as time goes by.

So, Jose, I doubt I will ever see you again but if these words ever find you my friend, Thank you, from the bottom of my heart. I hope that our paths cross again and in that time there is something that perhaps I will be able to offer to you.

-Nile

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November 30, 2009

Day 30 – Nile

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Posted by **niledavis** in [Nile Davis](#)

So today is my final day of our 30 day experiment.

There are many things that I have learned through my time doing this and the one glaring thing that has come up over and over again is the fact that I need to figure what makes me happy. I have talked time and time again about how miserable I feel sometimes and even with all of the moving, jobs, relationships and friends I have gone through throughout the years, the one remaining factor is me.

I don't think I am going to go on a big tangent about what I need to do and what I think will be good for me because honestly I don't know. What I do know is I need to do some serious soul searching and thinking if I am going to have a chance to be happy. I know that I need to keep some of the experiences that I have learned through the past 30 days in the forefront of my mind as I go forward.

All in all I am glad that I did this experiment and I hope that many years from now I will look back on this time in my life as a major turning point, but only time will tell.

So, as the night of my 30th day comes to a close I want to thank each of you that have shared your experiences with us over the last 30 days. I applaud you each for making the effort and joining us on this. As you move forward, I hope that you will keep trying to have a happy and fulfilling life. I love each of you and wish you all the best in everything you do.

-Nile

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November 30, 2009

Final blog -Jasmine

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Posted by **Jasmine** in [Jasmine](#)

All I can say is that this has truly been an eye opener. This experience has brought me massive lows and great highs and even though I have not accomplished what I had hoped to in this experience I am awake. My eyes are open. Wide open to what I have become, what I no longer want to be, and where I am headed.

My mother has always said that I am stubborn-Well GOD DAMN, I like to be stubborn to my detriment. This weekend I figured that out-oh hell this month! I have drank more and

caused further pain and discomfort in my life than I ever thought possible. And I do this because I haven't forgiven myself for a lot of stupid shit I did a few months ago. I keep punishing myself over and over again for the bad judgements I've made. But I am done I am uprooting,throwing out,and leaving behind every negative thought,every negative person, and every negative thing- I hold onto so deeply because I believe I don't deserve better. Those things that fuel my fire,that keep me sitting in my sickness. I am done. I am forgiving myself today and allowing myself to go after and achieve the amazing things that await me. This was never just 30 days of humanity for me it was a lifetime of humanity change for me and my lifetime of humanity starts today!-Jasmine

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November 23, 2009

Cucking Funt

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Posted by Rosie in [Rosie](#)

Cucking Funt, we all know what I mean but it's not lady like to say. I honestly can't believe some people. Yes!, I do have better things to do than be in your silly little meeting, and it's not my fault that your boss asked me to see her about something that I think is a bit more importaint than your silly meeting... Further more I would like you to know that your point while helpful for someone who hasn't interviewed in a while , or for someone who has No experience what so ever. On the other hand I have been a recruiter, and I know not only how to interview people but how to interview. There fore you and your packet of Tips can go to hell. Your attutitude is an excelent example of how to act like a know it all, and not be open to suggestion. I'm sorry that your unhappy with you carreer choice and I hope that you have a great day Bitch!

on top of this I was having a great day, until this little dumpling shat all over it. Really people just because you are having a bad day doesn't mean you can take it out on me.

In other news, I been good not smoking and not killing people. I've been maintaing a 3 beer or 1 glass of wine rule and haven't gotten completely shitty all month. However I'm starting to feel Very Very Bah Humbug! I think I'm going to loss my mind this time. This time I'm lossing my mind. I have zero funds for christmas, and feel like a Giant let down... not to mention that I'm going to be spending Thanksgiving entirly by myself this year, I should have volenteered to serve the homeless I've always wanted to do that. No this year I'm going to become a Jehovas Witness, I think I'll skip this one this year. No christmas No thanksgiving, no merrymment, or fun just a bah humbug drunk, and if I can drink myself into a coma all the better.

Bitter Bitter party of one! Can I get an egg roll with that?

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November 22, 2009

I alone am drifting, not knowing where I am. Jasmine

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Posted by Jasmine in [Jasmine](#)

Well it's week three and this experience has made me feel more confused than ever. The more I think about everything and the more I try to change the more I feel lost and alone.I thought I could make some grand discoveries from this experience I thought I would find some absolute answers.I thought,I thought,I thought! I can't think anymore. Why is this so hard. Some days I am buried under the ground while other days I'm high in the skies. I just want my soul calmed. I want to be settled in a life I enjoy. I can work out,eat right, and lay off the liquor but it doesn't seem to help. It doesn't change my brain. I feel self obsessed lately with all this focus on my life and my issues. Maybe that's my problem I have to much time on my hands to think about

myself. I think I don't like myself anymore. I used to. I don't quite know what happened, what went wrong. I feel I have nothing to offer-so maybe that's why I drink, don't clean, and obsess. Everyday I look around at everyone else and they all seem so happy-how did I get off track and they didn't-how did they not take the wrong turn and I did. I feel jealous of everyone around me for their lives, for their happiness, for their sanity. I'm drained by these thoughts! I keep waiting for the answers that cure, that pill that if you do this or you take this it will all be better. I don't believe there is an easy answer anymore. It's not so black and white as I had thought. Ah my brain-I am tired! At least I have work tomorrow, it's about the only thing that gets me back on track, that gets me into a routine and gets me (some what) out of my head. I'm trying so hard to make things better, I guess I just have to be patient and although I hate it drift a bit.

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November 21, 2009

Day Twenty One – Nile

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Posted by **niledavis** in *Nile Davis*

Well, here I am 21 days in to my experiment and to be honest, I don't think much has changed. I have stopped going out on weeknight for the most part and my house seems to be a little cleaner, but that's about it. This experiment has brought on more questions than answers really.

On Thursday I had a terrible day and went straight to Rula Bula which was suppose to be off limits to me for these 30 days and now I know why. I met a friend there for "dinner and a beer" and proceeded to have 16 jack and cokes and only two tiny pieces of skewered chicken as well as put down an entire pack of smokes in just under 4 hours. The worst part about all of that is I got up at 7:30 the next morning and went to work, actually accomplished work without having to go home for the day to die. I am starting to realize though that while I do not get the daily hangovers that most people get, I pay for my drinking with anxiety attacks, and I pay hard.

Last night I went to dinner with a friend and about 5 min before I left I had this strange pain in my left arm which I was CONVINCED was a heart attack. I went to dinner anyway and I tried to sit there and take it but I started freaking out pretty bad. The lights and noise and pain in my arm and back were sending me in to a tail spin of panic I have not seen the likes of in a long while. After eating some edamame I started to feel a little better but then it came back. I was hoping that I was just having a panic attack and not actually dying so I ordered a drink to try and help calm me down. It came out and I drank it down in 2 gulps and promptly ordered another. I tried to eat some more food but the food was SO incredibly bad that I could barely choke it down. As the other drink came out I drank that one down in about 5 gulps and started to feel a little better. After a little more shaking and cold sweats I started to relax a bit. It kind of took me aback that I had just drank two large whiskey drinks in a matter of 5 min and I did not feel the slightest bit drunk, I mean nothing at all. No buzz, no light head, no laughing, the only thing I felt, was better.

This scares me sometimes because I feel like this is not something that I should be able to do. But I do realize that strange lives call for strange behaviors sometimes and I am just trying to get through it like everyone else.

I wish sometimes that I could remember how bad I feel at times and not partake in behavior that makes me feel that way, but it's almost like once I feel better, it's out of sight out of mind and I completely forget about the fact that if I do these things I am going to feel awful. I don't know if that's a good thing or a bad thing or if that's just how it is but I wish I could figure it out.

So here I sit on Saturday morning, drinking my coffee and writing. I feel pretty good right now and I have a ton of stuff that I want to accomplish today. I am really hoping that by the time tonight comes around I am not wanting to go out and drink myself to death once again,

but I never can tell how I am going to feel. If it were up to me, I would stay in this whole weekend, clean and organize my entire house and maybe go to the park for a few hours and read, but I have a sneaky suspicion that is not how its going to play out. My brain and I do not always see eye to eye on things and when he says drink, I usually say how much.

I am so tired of beating the shit out of myself. I don't know why it's so hard to just be relaxed and good to myself. I don't understand the reasons why I get in to the moods I do and do the things that I do, they make a great deal of sense at the time, but I usually always regret them and end up trying to fix something else. People keep telling me that I need to find my happiness and I agree with that, I just don't know how to do it. I don't know what makes me happy and I don't know what things I need to do in order to get on that path. I used to know what I thought would make me happy and after accomplishing that, I was no happier. So I guess I am a little gun shy right now to go after something because there is no guarantee that it will make me any happier.

There seems to be a giant hole inside of me that I try to fill up with liquor, money, work, conversations, food, material objects, friends and lovers, but it seems the more I pour in, the bigger the hole inside gets and I don't know how to stop it from growing.

-Nile

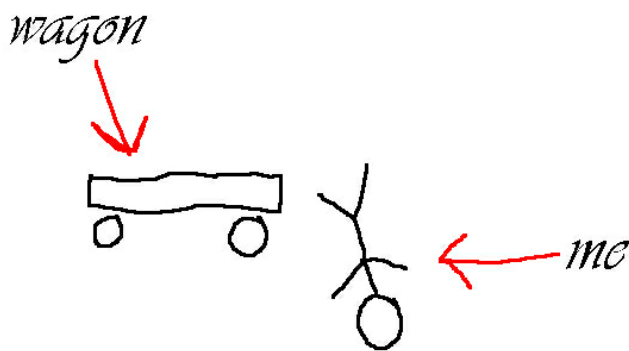
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November 21, 2009

Day Twenty – Nile

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Posted by **niledavis** in [Nile Davis](#)



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November 18, 2009

Day 10~Paper Mache

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Posted by **Paper Mache** in [Paper Mache](#)

I got up around 10:30am after some long and very much needed sleep and went to sit on the couch with a cup of coffee. I was out of cream so I used the rest of the cinnamon eggnog I had left in the fridge. I looked around for some water but we were out so it was decided that we'd all go to the store and get some basic house supplies and breakfast, after we put a coat of paint on the cabinets.

When I went to set up the cabinets and paint sprayer, I discovered that after a week of drying they still managed to stick to anything they leaned against. Great. I peeled them away from the wall they were stuck to and examined the damage. Luckily, it wasn't that bad, but they would definitely need another coat or two to make a perfect finish. We

decided to get some little painting pyramids at the store to prevent further incidents. We left for Wally World and gave up on the coat of paint until we had what we needed.

There were no painting pyramids there, but we didn't feel like going all the way to Home Depot and wasting 2 hours of the day, so I did some quick thinking and came up with inserting toothpicks into little plastic cups and setting the cabinet doors on the tips of the toothpicks to dry. We also went to the store hungry so we ended up with all sorts of ridiculously unhealthy snacky food.

I decided we should go to the grocery store and grab the makings for dinner and lunch because it was way past breakfast time by then. At the grocery store I got a wild craving for a rubeen sandwich with lots of sauerkraut and after thinking about how much work would be involved in trying to tackle that feat, I opted for giving Friendly's a chance.

Stupid idea, don't go to a degenerate restaurant like that and expect to get something good to eat. I ordered the closest thing to a rubeen sandwich that they had on the menu, which was a rubeen supermelt. I wasn't too keen on the superfluous amount of cheese the menu description dictated so I asked for light cheese and hoped for the best. What I got was two pieces of toast with an obese amount of what was allegedly corned beef, and a couple of strands of sauerkraut lost in a sea of extremely cheesy, thousand island dressing-like slop... Oh and let me add the solid clump of over-fried, stuck together, waffle fries as well. We decided to pass on the "happy ending", and just go home. (can you believe they call their sundae a happy-ending? They even copyrighted that shit.)

We decided to try out my little idea with the toothpicks and plastic cups when we got home. My boyfriend thought they would be too sharp and would cause little marks on the paint. He wanted to just set the doors on the actual cups themselves because they "wouldn't stick to the paint like the cardboard had been". I wasn't so sure but he's pretty smart so I went with it.

Somewhere along the evening I think I did actually drink one bottle of water but that's about all I remember so we'll leave it at that.

~Paper

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November 18, 2009

Day 9~Paper Mache

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Posted by Paper Mache in [Paper Mache](#)

Friday morning I awoke with an immediate hangover. Go figure.

It was 8am and I had to be to work before noon. This was not looking good for me. I crawled into the bathroom, turned on the shower, grabbed a gel fruit cup from the fridge and dragged my pathetic ass into the hot water. I sat down inside and concentrated on keeping my stomach together. I was pretty thankful that the aspirin at least prevented my head from exploding and I was hopeful that if I managed to get the fruit cup down and keep it down that I would be ok. 18 minutes later I had pruny fingers and an empty fruit cup so I decided to give sleep another chance until 10am.

That idea lasted about half an hour. Back to the bathroom I went to rid my stomach of that bad idea. After emptying my guts out, I decided to go back on the hot water merry-go-round to see if I could stop this nasty friendship my stomach had started with the toilet bowl. Five minutes into it my boyfriend dragged his practically comatose body onto the ride as well. There we sat for a good twenty minutes letting the water wash away as much of the left over alcohol in our exhausted bodies as was earthly possible. I mustered up some super-strength and managed to be ready for work in well enough time.

I had a banana on the way to work, stopped to pick up some water, and went inside to make the best of it. By fifteen minutes into it I was fine, thank God, although my stomach was still pretty weak. Now, you would think that being so dehydrated I would be sucking down water like it was going out of style. Not a chance... my stomach wasn't having any of that nonsense.

Work went by pretty fast and I couldn't wait to get done and go to dinner with my mom and friend at my favorite restaurant, Bleu. Now of course, how could I pass up a glass of wine with dinner...

I know, I know, that's pretty bad, huh? Well don't worry I kept it to just one this time and my boyfriend played designated driver for us. I did not however do so well with my water throughout the day.

We went to karaoke after dinner. I still wasn't feeling 100% but I didn't want to sit there mooching free water from the bar so I got a beer and nursed it the whole evening. While we were sitting there, guess who came in? That fucking thief from last week. Can you believe that crap? As I sat there working up the nerve to call that jack ass out on his audacity, the bar tender did it for me, and with him gone we continued to have a pretty good time and then left just after midnight.

I didn't even finish a 24 ounce bottle of water that day and that was probably when I needed it the most and went to bed feeling pretty disappointed with myself.

~Paper

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November 18, 2009

Day 8~Paper Mache

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Posted by Paper Mache in [Paper Mache](#)

I have truly slacked off.



Thursday was a complete wash out. I left for work and stopped by 4-bucks like I said I would, hoping for a delicious gingerbread latte. Sadly, I was yet again disappointed so I think that's it as far as those are concerned.

I had my long drive to work, while sipping my water and by the time I got there...pretty much none of it was gone. My day was really fast paced right from the start so by lunch I had still not had any more water. After lunch I took my ¾ full bottle of water and looked at it with disgust. I've been getting worse and worse with my daily water consumption throughout the day and most of the time end up drinking the majority of it right before bed while promising myself to do better tomorrow. As I stared at my water bottle I knew I would be doing the same thing that night as well.

I continued the rest of my shift just like the first half, in a whirlwind. By the time the end rolled around I finished off by doing my co-worker's hair, having her blow dry mine, and then us both deciding to go out for a quick drink. I almost never do this because frankly I have become an old fart and cannot handle drinking on a work night and functioning the next day without wanting to die. We agreed to have only one drink and an appetizer and then call it a night.

One drink turned into two, and an appetizer turned into dinner. While we were finishing up our splurge and having ourselves an intense and much needed girl talk, we ended up entering a conversation with our neighboring barstools. Needless to say, two drinks turned into three, courtesy of our new found friends. I was having wine, and for me three heavily poured glasses of the ruby venom was edging very close to the brink of danger. Our company was very entertaining, so I reluctantly and slowly nursed my third glass while we had a great time. Time was flying by and what started out as an innocent attempt at a

quick drink with the intentions of leaving after an hour and being home before 9pm, with some take home dinner for my boyfriend who would inevitably be starving after class, soon turned into a long alcohol filled night that unraveled hours like minutes and before I knew it, it was 11 and my boyfriend was walking through the bar door. I have to admit that in my alcohol influenced state I was more than surprised to see him. I'd even forgotten that I'd told him where I was going to be. I felt kind of bad at this point because I really didn't mean to stay out so long but its just so rare that I get to have some alone time with my friends that I just let it happen. I invited him over gave him all the food I'd ordered for him and soon he was playing catch up with the rest of us.

Somehow along the course of the night I ended up with a fourth glass of wine but by that time I was eyeballs deep in my stupor so I just drank it up like a good little lush and had a laugh at my current predicament. Now ...can you guess what I wasn't drinking at the bar? That's right. Water.

I somehow made it home alive and managed to choke down the remainder of my original bottle of water on the way there. I am not proud of this behavior let me remind you, but I am however very thankful that I got home in one piece and without being in any trouble.

Have you even been so drunk that you can't see straight or stand in the shower without your head making an incredibly good impression of a bobble-head doll? Yeah, that was me. I jumbled out some words that my boyfriend was able to translate into a request for two aspirin and a big glass of water and when he brought them both to me in the shower I downed them and prayed to God that I didn't puke in the morning.

I think I fell asleep sometime after that, falling very short on the water consumption goal for the day and feeling like a complete asshole.

~Paper

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